

# Dead Flowers, Bottles, Bluegrass and Bones

## Swingin' Utters

The first time I met you  
    was up on the hill  
    with tequila on Tuesday  
        and roses in well  
    You gave me a kiss  
        As strong as the winds  
    That swirl through the lots  
of China basinI stood and I stared  
    At the brass of St. Mary  
        Where the beggers  
are more likely wishing then praying  
    Heard the gamblers  
    Rushing the gates of bay meadows  
        or was it the beating  
    Of hearts in the ghettosGive me your heart  
        and take my ring, love  
        Give me your heart  
    And break this string, love  
        I've plenty of room  
        for improvement, you see  
        and many a fool  
    Fake this thing called loveI stood and I stared  
        at the cemetary stones  
        Dead flowers, bottles,  
    Bluegrass and bonesSmelled the signs of the mourner  
        the shit from the dogs  
        the rains and the tears  
    in the interment bogsSo I strolled through the day  
        until boredom was dawn  
        with the gulls  
    in the garbage singing along  
        where the boats in the harbor  
        have nothing to say  
        about the fish and the shit  
    that float in the bayIf I see you again  
        It will be up on the hill  
        with tequila on Tuesday  
        and roaches to kill  
        We'll be crying and drunk

or laughing and stones  
For Dead Flowers, Bottles,  
Bluegrass and bones

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